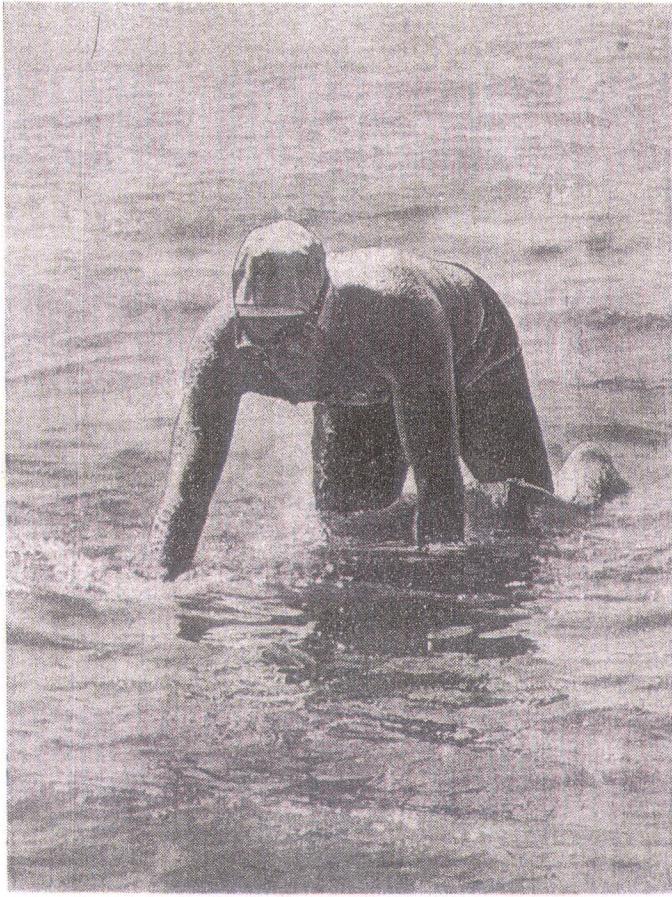


Farallones to Marin

HOW SWIMMER

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1967

The Last Gasp



COLONEL EVANS AS HE COMPLETED HIS HISTORIC FEAT

By Art Frisch

DID IT

The First Success

Colonel's Amazing Farallones Swim

By Scott Thurber

Using two kinds of crawls — the Australian and the one he learned as a child — a Presidio colonel yesterday became the first person ever to swim all the way from the Farallon Islands to the mainland.

In succeeding where many before him had failed, Lieutenant Colonel Stewart Evans overcame treacherous tides, tricky currents and bone-chilling waters.

And since he is 41, Evans gave long overdue aid and comfort to men in their 40s everywhere.

The colonel, a veteran long-distance swimmer who had trained long and hard for the ordeal, plunged into the chill Pacific waters at the south tip of the Farallones at 10:17 p.m. Sunday.

SNACKS

For nearly 14 hours thereafter — sustained by snacks of lemon Jello and Seven-Up, encouraged by relays of swimming companions from the Dolphin Club, urged on by a sheltering covey of boats — Evans swam steadily with a relentless Australian crawl, 50 to 55 strokes per minute.

Then, just before noon, he reached his landing-place inside Duxbury Reef off Bolinas in Marin county. He had covered "22 miles as the

See Page 9, Col. 1

- 1967 -
8/29/1967 (2)
S.F. Chronicle



EVANS AND WIFE PAULINE AFTER THE ASTOUNDING SWIM
She and a gathering of fans were on hand for the finale

First Man to Do It

Amazing Farallones Swim

From Page 1

crow flies, 28 miles as a swimmer swims." He could still swim but he couldn't walk.

About ten yards offshore the muscular colonel rose to his feet in the shallow water — then toppled forward. "Crawl, Stu, crawl!" his onshore fans shouted — and he literally crawled the rest of the way to the beach.

COLLAPSE

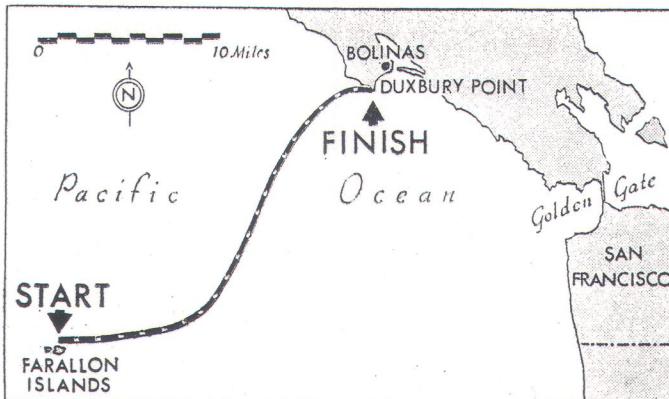
Then, elated by his achievement, he mustered the strength to jog, knees high, for another ten yards before he collapsed into a wall of blankets and towels proffered by his wife, his friends and his fans.

There — calm and good-humored, although shivering violently and clearly exhausted — he held an impromptu press conference.

Yes, he had some bad moments — especially yesterday morning when his left shoulder suddenly started hurting him intensely. (A Dolphin Club colleague said Evans had to abandon his crawl stroke for a side-stroke until the pain subsided).

Yes, he thought — seriously — about giving it all up and quitting. This was when the shoulder was giving him fits and he couldn't lift his left arm out of the water.

Did he have any theories on why he had succeeded where at least 15 previous attempts by top-notch swimmers — including Ted Erickson of Chicago, San Francisco grandfather Ike Papke and Sacramento teen-ager Lenore Modell — had failed?



The route Evans swam—unpredictable currents forced him further north than he had originally planned

No firm theories, Evans said. But had trained hard — "I've been training for the past five months."

Reflecting a moment, he added:

"We had a lot of cold water in the bay this year, and it helped me get used to it."

He fought the cold — and other things — yesterday with a heavy, and messy, skin-covering comprised of petroleum grease, graphite and a shark-repellant.

The swim originally was aimed at Stinson Beach, to the south — but, club officials said, unpredictable currents forced him to swim farther north, then circle south on a slack tide and aim for a narrow, rocky beach guarded by rugged Duxbury Reef.

Dolphin Club physician Dr. Fred Howard — who rode one of the two club-manned rowboats which convoyed Evans, and who swam alongside him sporadically, said

the colonel made it because was about a half-mile off-shore.

Evans said he not only didn't see the shark, he didn't hear the report.

There was even one report — unconfirmed — of a shark headed toward the steadily stroking swimmer when he

surrendered to his exhaustion and lay down on a stretcher for the rest of the trip up the bluff to a waiting helicopter.

At one point a newsman asked him: "What's your next swim?"

Evans managed a weak grin. "In my bathtub."